

16 April 1971

Dr. Abbot Smith
Director
Office of National Estimates

Dear Abbot,

It is with some diffidence that I attempt this effort to reduce to written prose a range of feelings and emotions in a note addressed to one who has himself always displayed a masterful control of the English language in all its registers. Nonetheless, I did not want to let the occasion of your retirement go by without a gesture from me at least a trifle more formal than a passing comment in the hall.

Our association, from an historical perspective, has been relatively brief -- a mere nine years. But on my part at least, it has been highly prized and greatly valued. I shall always be grateful for the tutelage, counsel, consideration and assistance of varied forms you have rendered so graciously and so helpfully to me over a critical period of my own career. I admired from the outset the quiet, unobtrusive way in which you provided the calm perspective and balance that constituted a perfect, necessary complement to Sherman Kent's exuberant ebullience. I was delighted to see you named his successor and thus receive the public recognition and pre-eminence you so richly deserved. I have also admired the exemplary way in which, as expected, you discharged your stewardship as Director of the Office of National Estimates and Chairman of the Board.

As you are to leave your office, I want to join, with others, in expressing a sentiment universal among all of your colleagues, peers and subordinates, namely that there is no one in this Agency or the intelligence community more highly respected, ungrudgingly admired, or universally liked. All of us regret your retirement but share the wish that once freed from daily bureaucratic and official pressures you will be able to find rich and rewarding enjoyment in the pursuit of your many other interests -- your music, your books,

your historical studies and the joys afforded by the environment of Maine. You have served this Agency and your country well and deserve the continuing gratitude of both. I am sure that on this day in some celestial quad, Jowett, Lindsay and Rhodes -- among others -- are smiling on your career in self-congratulatory approbation as they raise their glasses in a ringing toast of florent domus de Balliolo.

As ever,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'G. Carver, Jr.', with a long, sweeping flourish extending upwards and to the right.

George A. Carver, Jr.